Certificate No.	On what street or avenue.	Side.	Between what streets or avenues.	To whom assessed.	Description of property.	Front. Ft.	Front. In.	For what purpose.	Block No.	Street No.	Ward No.	Map No.	When confirmed.	Term of years sold for.	When sold	Amount sold for. $	c.
															1860		
1461	62d street. 25	N	3d and Lexington avenues.	W. H. Hojer	part of lot	15		Opening Lexington avenue			28	475	May 12, 1851	1000	Dec. 20.	26	5
1462	do.	N	Lexington and 4th avenues.	H. H. Honwell	lot			Opening 4th avenue			5	1269	Dec. 8, 1853	1000	do.	81	37
1463	do.	N	do.	Heirs of Samuel Wells	lot			Opening 62d street			6	244	Mar. 2, 1856			85	[illegible]
[illegible] A	do.	N	do.	do.	lot			do.			6	[illegible]	do.	1000	do.	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible] A	do.	N	do.	H. H. Honwell	lot			Opening 4th avenue			7	[illegible]	Dec. 8, 1853	1000	do.	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible] B	do.	N	do.	do.	lot			do.			7	[illegible]	Mar. 2, 1856			[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	do.	N	do.	Heirs of Samuel Wells	lot			Opening 62d street			8	[illegible]	do.	1000	do.	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	do.	N	do.	do.	lot			Opening 4th avenue			9	[illegible]	Dec. 8, 1853			[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible] C	do.	N	do.	H. H. Honwell	lot			Opening 62d street	377		39	[illegible]	Mar. 2, 1856	5	do.	[illegible]	[illegible]
1464	do.	S	9th avenue and Broadway	John Townsend	lot			do.	177		40	[illegible]		5	do.	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	do.	S	do.	do.	lot			Opening 4th avenue	[illegible]		5	1474	Dec. 8, 1853	1000	Dec. 22.	[illegible]	[illegible]
1465	64th street	N	Lexington and 4th avenues	James Salmon	lot			do.	[illegible]		6	[illegible]	do.	1000	do.	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible] A	do.	N	do.	do.	lot			do.	[illegible]		7	[illegible]	do.	1000	do.	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible] B	do.	N	do.	do.	lot			do.	[illegible]		8	[illegible]	do.	1000	do.	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible] C	do.	S	do.	do.	lot			Opening 9th avenue	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]	Sept. 29, 1856	1000	Dec. 20.	[illegible]	[illegible]
1467	do.	S	8th and 9th avenues	David Jacobus	lot			do.	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]	do.	1000	do.	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible] A	do.	S	do.	do.	lot			do.	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]	do.	1000	do.	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible] B	do.	S	do.	do.	lot			do.	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]	do.	1000	do.	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible] C	do.	S	do.	do.	lot			do.	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]	do.	1000	do.	[illegible]	[illegible]
1469	65th street	N	9th av. & Bloomingdale Road	James Munson	lot			do.	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]	do.	1000	do.	[illegible]	[illegible]
1470	66th street	N	8th and 9th avenues	Heirs of Mary Mulamphy	lot			do.	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]	do.	1000	do.	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible] A	do.	N	do.	do.	lot			do.	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]	do.	1000	do.	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible] B	do.	N	do.	do.	lot			do.	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]	do.	1000	do.	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible] C	do.	N	do.	do.	rear lot			do.	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]	do.	1000	do.	[illegible]	[illegible]
1471	69th street	S	do.	do.	lot			do.	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]	do.	1000	do.	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible] A	do.	S	do.	do.	lot			do.	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]	do.	1000	Dec. 22.	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible] B	do.	S	do.	do.	lot			do.	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]	do.	1000	do.	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible] C	do.	S	do.	do.	lot			do.	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]	do.	1000	do.	[illegible]	[illegible]
1482	75th street	N	1st avenue and Avenue A	L. D. Coman	lot			Opening 1st avenue	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]	Aug. 1, 1856	1000	Dec. 30	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible] A	do.	N	do.	do.	lot			do.	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]	do.	1000	do.	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible] B	do.	N	do.	do.	lot			do.	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]	do.	1000	do.	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible] C	do.	S	4th and 5th avenues	H. Pattman	lot			Opening 4th avenue	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]	Dec. 8, 1853	[illegible]	do.	[illegible]	[illegible]
1486	76th street	S	1st avenue and Avenue A	L. B. Coman	lot			Opening 1st avenue	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]	Aug. 1, 1856	1000	do.	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	do.	S	do.	do.	lot			do.	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]	do.	[illegible]	do.	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	76th street 26	N	1st avenue and Avenue A	H. Delafield, &c.	piece of ground			Opening 1st avenue	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]	Aug. 1, 1856	1000	do.	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	do.	N	do.	L. B. Coman	rear lot			do.	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]	do.	[illegible]	do.	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	do.	S	4th and 5th avenues	H. Pattman	lot			Opening 4th avenue	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]	Dec. 8, 1853	[illegible]	do.	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	do.	S	8th and 9th avenues	David E. Wheeler	lot			Opening 9th avenue	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]	Sept. 29, 1856	[illegible]	do.	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	do.	S	do.	S. A. Lamberson	lot			do.	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]	do.	1000	do.	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	do.	S	1st and 2d avenues	H. Delafield, &c.	piece of ground			do.	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]	do.	[illegible]	do.	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	do.	S	do.	John Campbell	lot			do.	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]	do.	[illegible]	do.	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	do.	S	4th and 5th avenues	J. J. Coddington	lot			Opening 4th avenue	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]	Dec. 8, 1853	[illegible]	do.	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	do.	S	8th and 9th avenues	S. A. Lamberson	lot			Opening 9th avenue	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]	Sept. 29, 1856	[illegible]	do.	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	78th street	N	1st and 2d avenues	Silas B. Condit	lot			Opening 1st avenue	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]	Aug. 1, 1856	[illegible]	do.	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	do.	N	do.	George Pack	lot			do.	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]	do.	[illegible]	do.	[illegible]	[illegible]
1510	do.	N	4th and 5th avenues	John McGoin	lot			Opening 4th avenue	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]	Dec. 8, 1853	[illegible]	do.	[illegible]	[illegible]
1511	79th street	N	1st and 2d avenues	H. Delafield, &c.	lot			Opening 1st avenue	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]	Aug. 1, 1856	[illegible]	do.	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	do.	N	4th and 5th avenues	John W. Gow	lot			Opening 4th avenue	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]	Dec. 8, 1853	[illegible]	do.	[illegible]	[illegible]
1521	South	W	Pike and Rutgers	Charles S. Young	house and lot			Widening Walker street	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]	April 1, 1853	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	do.	W	Oliver and Catharine	John C. Bayles	lot			Extending Bowery	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]	May 1, 1856	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	do.	W	do.	Heirs of G. Lorillard	do.			do.	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]	do.	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	Stanton	S	Eldridge and Forsyth	J. D. Phillips	do.			do.	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]	do.	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	do.	N	Forsyth and Chrystie	Huldah Gregory	do.			do.	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]	do.	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	do.	N	Chrystie and Bowery	Thomas Murphy	do.			do.	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]	do.	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	Sullivan	E	Canal and Grand	Thomas Edmonds	do.			Widening Walker street	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]	April 1, 1853	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	3d avenue	E	7th and 8th sts.	J. S. Benedict	lot			Extending Bowery	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]	May 1, 1856	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	do.	E	10th and 11th sts.	George Trimble	lot			do.	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]	do.	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	do.	W	60th and 61st sts.	Anthony Fick	lot			Opening 61st street	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]	Sept. 7, 1854	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	do.	E	80th and 81st sts.	T. E. Tomlinson	lot			Opening 80th street	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]	June 15, 1855	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	do.	E	do.	do.	lot			do.	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]	do.	[illegible]	Dec. [illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	do.	E	84th and 85th sts.	Elizabeth McCann	lot			Opening 84th street	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]	Sept. 7, 1854	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	10th avenue	W	50th and 51st sts.	Estate of Jno. Hopper	lot			Opening 51st street	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]	June 19, 1855	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	do.	W	51st and 52d sts.	do.	lot			do.	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]	do.	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	do.	W	57th and 58th sts.	Archibald Watts	lot			Opening 58th street	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]	Nov. 1, 1855	[illegible]	Dec. [illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	do.	W	83d and 84th sts.	S. P. Righter	lot			Opening 83d street	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]	June 15, 1855	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	12th avenue	W	129th and 130th sts.	Unknown	lot			Open'g 129th, 130th, & 131st sts.	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]	Mar. 24, 1856	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	10th street	S	3d and 4th avenues	John McDuffy	house and lot			Extending Bowery	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]	May 1, 1856	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	12th street	N	2d and 3d avenues	J. Coley	do.			do.	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]	do.	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	13th street	S	do.	G. S. Chapin	do.			do.	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]	do.	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	do.	S	do.	M. Moss	do.			do.	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]	do.	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	do.	N	do.	D. Brown	do.			do.	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]	do.	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	do.	N	do.	F. W. Winslow	do.			do.	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]	do.	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	do. 27	S	3d and 4th avenues	W. B. Dinsmore	do.			do.	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]	do.	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	Varick	W	Vestry and Laight	Estate of H. Hendricks	do.			Widening Walker street	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]	April 1, 1853	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	do.	E	Watts and Grand	Amo Proudfit	do.			do.	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]	do.	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	Vestry	S	Greenwich and Hudson	Estate of Jno. Graham	do.			do.	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]	do.	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	do.	N	Hudson and Varick	Mary Murray	do.			do.	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]	do.	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	Walker	S	Elizabeth and Bowery	Estate of Wm. Post	do.			do.	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]	do.	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	do.	S	do.	J. C. Delaplaine	do.			Extending Bowery	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]	May 1, 1856	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	do.	S	do.	do.	do.			Widening Walker street	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]	April 1, 1853	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	do.	S	do.	Charles Speights	do.			Extending Bowery	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]	May 1, 1856	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	do.	S	do.	Bridget O'Brien	do.			do.	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]	do.	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	do.	N	Eldridge and Forsyth	Wm. Shephard	do.			do.	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]	do.	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	do.	S	Centre and Orange	John Grier	do.			Widening Walker street	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]	April 1, 1853	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	do.	S	Church and West Broadway	Robert Roberts	do.			do.	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]	do.	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	Washington	E	Watts and Desbrosses	George Zabriskie	do.			do.	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]	do.	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	do.	E	Desbrosses and Vestry	W. Hegeman	do.			do.	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]	do.	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	do.	W	do.	G. P. Cammann	do.			do.	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]	do.	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	Water	E	Catharine and Market Slip	Estate of John Hannah	do.			do.	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]	do.	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	do.	W	Montgomery and Gouverneur	Henry V. Rutes	do.			do.	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]	do.	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	do.	W	do.	Alex. Cassada	do.			do.	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]	do.	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	do.	W	Montgomery and Clinton	Estate of Geo. Ferdham	do.			do.	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]	do.	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	do.	W	do.	do.	do.			do.	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]	do.	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	Watts	S	Hudson and Varick	Mary Murray	do.			do.	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]	do.	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	do.	S	do.	John H. Murray	do.			do.	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]	do.	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	do.	S	Canal and Greenwich	James Coddington	rear lot			do.	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]	do.	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	do.	N	Washington and West	Samuel Thompson	house and lot			do.	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]	do.	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	West Br'dway	W	York and Walker	Estate of F. Childs	do.			do.	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]	do.	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	do.	E	Lispenard and Walker	Thomas Edwards	do.			do.	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]	do.	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	White	S	Centre and Orange	D. Lorillard	do.			do.	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]	do.	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]

GREAT TRIBULATIONS.

From Our Special Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, April 13, 1862.

We are all in a state of mind here about our literary restrictions. When I say "we," I mean the humbled and abashed corps of army correspondents. It seems we are all liable to be cut down in the very flower of our rhetoric. The least excess of license threatens to bring upon us the active indignation of the Government; and How not to Do it is our daily labor and our nightly care. Peculiar vials of wrath are said to be stored in the War Department for the express humiliation of venturesome reporters, and a rumor gains strength that the famous anaconda, having been balked of its original purpose, has been transferred to this vicinity, and lies ready to fold us all up on the smallest provocation. The embarrassment of the case lies in the following dilemma: If we do not write, we brave the fury of the editorial powers; if we do, we offer ourselves as sacrifices to the jealousy of Government. Either way, a terror lies before us, compared with which the most dreadful things of Bulwer's "Strange Story" seem feeble and incomplete. On the Government side there is no light to guide, no compass to direct. If we could only have our limits determined in some way, it would be a vast relief. At present, we tread upon dangerous ground without knowing it, and may stumble any moment upon torpedoes that shall blow us to destruction. We know that facts are not to be dealt with, lest their publication should give aid and comfort to the enemy; and that opinions are not to be risked, because the movements of Government being inscrutable, we might misjudge, and set the conduct of some officials in an inaccurate light; in which case it is supposed that the glory of this nation would be instantly extinguished. Facts and opinions being thus put out of reach, we are confined to a narrow margin. Our only available material consists of complimentary notices of distinguished persons and remarks upon the beauty of Nature. About this last theme, however, there lingers some doubt, for the weather, in all phases, is strictly proscribed. Of the fairness or foulness of the weather, the enemy have possibly as ample opportunity as ourselves for judging; but the matter must not be discussed in Northern newspapers, lest our movements, which depend largely upon atmospheric conditions, should be anticipated, and the Government overthrown. An imaginative correspondent of a Philadelphia newspaper telegraphed last week that the birds were singing cheerfully at Fortress Monroe. It was subsequently ascertained by the officials that not a bird was to be seen on that day, and telegraphic privileges were consequently withdrawn from the journal in question. It turned out that the correspondent, having long been trammeled by the common restrictions, sought, in a burst of innocent enterprise, to entertain his readers with the rosy resources of romance. Hence birds. But this, we learn, is not the season for birds. Fancy and imagination are not in order at this time. It is a desperate situation every way, and what to do, no person can conceive. To be personally confiscated and confided to the stony embrace of Fort Lafayette, would be a mortifying incident in the life of a correspondent; and yet we live in awful apprehension of just that fate. If the War Department would only introduce a new extension to its functions (now that its hand is in) and supply the correspondence for all the Northern newspapers, there would be some hope for us. It is a plan that has served admirably in France, and the newspapers and the Government there thrive under it. They manage these things so well in France!

In these circumstances, no one will doubt the difficulty of selecting topics. We do not know what peril lies in wait for us at any point. There *are* facts. I need not be afraid to mention that. But shall we handle them? We pluck a flower, and get ourselves scratched by the hidden thorn. All the flowers have thorns now-a-days. There is an ambush behind every incident, which we hardly dare to penetrate. The pains and sorrows of an army correspondent's life—who shall paint them? Bring forth the most harrowing delineators of human wretchedness, and see how they will fail. The tortured imagination even of Sylvanus Cobb, jr., would prove inadequate. There are people who devote their lives to the study of various phases of suffering and despair. To all such, I would say—Get sent southward as army correspondents—you will find drops of bitterness to mingle with your experiences such as you never yet dreamed of. It's a pity, too, that all this fine agony should pass unknown to the world; and yet it must, unless the correspondents turn to, and, like the bard of Brooklyn, "celebrate themselves." They would prove a topic unimpeachable by the sternest censor; for they alone are regarded by the loftier powers as subjects utterly unimportant and insignificant. But why flood journalism with deluges of sadness—with records whose melancholy is unrelieved by a single gleam! For correspondents never have any joys. At an early period of the war, it was supposed that a few of the common comforts of mankind fell to their share, but that delusion was abruptly dispelled. Yet they have adventures; and, since there are no public facts to be revealed and no private opinions to be expressed, it may be a judicious and safe experiment to narrate how a small party of them, consisting of two, scented a possible campaign under Gen. McDowell, sought the battlefield, found it not, and by numerous deeds of individual prowess, secured the warmest admiration and respect of one another.

A week or more ago, a moderate military ferment was occasioned by the rumor of an immediate departure by Gen. McDowell upon a sanguinary tour. The duty of correspondents was plain. Information and passes were sought at the War-Office. I cheerfully bear testimony to the freedom with which applicants were suffered to wait unmolested at the outer door for several hours, and I record with gratitude that when they were finally sent away unsatisfied, they were permitted to go without the additional indignity of personal violence. The student of the manners and customs of the Cannibal Islands would be struck with traits of similarity in the official regions of Washington; and if there be a Chesterfield of the Hottentot country, I am inclined to believe his treatise has been adopted as a text-book for the guidance of many public functionaries at the Capital. Infinite labor, accompanied by some loss of dignity, does, however, accomplish results even here. Much prostration and sacrifice before the Juggernaut of Circumlocution brings about semi-satisfactory conclusions. Proudly bearing ungracious tokens of authority, the army correspondents at length were seen to take their leave of Washington. No salutes of artillery were discharged on the occasion.

The two gentlemen of whom I speak (I trust the application of the word "gentlemen" to newspaper correspondents will not excite the disapprobation of the censor) rode tranquilly through the County of Fairfax, occasioning some surprise by the readiness with which they paid for the food they consumed at various hotels, and experiencing a great deal in consequence of the discrepancy between prices and provision. "You come very late to the office, Sir," once said his chief to Charles Lamb. "Yes, Sir," said Lamb, "but then I go away very early." So of our accommodations we might have complained, but for the equally logical reflection that, if dear, they were certainly very bad. Centreville was taken with a loss of a considerable number of dollars, and the only storming was done after the account was rendered. Manassas was occupied with even more difficulty. An individual guarded the approach with great determination, and informed us that he was a ring-tailed son of a snorter from Peru, adding that if we doubted it he would kill us. Of course, it was impossible to doubt. Several other individuals immediately came up with the assertion that they, too, were ring-tailed sons of snorters from Peru, and invited us to make a close inspection of that curious animal, as we should probably never enjoy another equally advantageous opportunity. We discovered that the creature in question is profane of speech and odorous of whisky, and that he wears the uniform of the —th Pennsylvania Regiment. A brief conversation with a first lieutenant near by revealed that he likewise, if not a ring-tailed son of a snorter from Peru, at least possessed the habits of that beast, so far as drunkenness and indecency went; and a rapid ride through the place betrayed that the entire garrison, with the exception of a few cavalry who came near being deposed by mutineers, were insanely and infamously drunk.

Although the shades of night were falling with uncomfortable rapidity, it was evident that Manassas would furnish no congenial resting-place; and it being understood that a certain hospitable headquarters lay four miles beyond, at Bristol, it was deemed prudent to push forward. The weather being, at the present time of writing, quite clear, I can venture to say that then (Tuesday week) it was at least as foul as Vulcan's stithy. A snow-storm had pelted down for twenty-four hours and still harassed us. The roads were worse than ever before, and each footstep of our horses left a mimic Artesian well behind it. A slow walk was the utmost possible extreme of speed. The poor animals suffered terribly, but there were reports of an advance of the whole corps d'armée, and it would not do turn back. For three miles they struggled unsteadily along, and then, lo! a stream swelled to a torrent by the storm, unfordable and dangerous even to look at, disputed our further progress.

Gentlemen who in this era valorously brave the hardships of February bluster in Broadway, or who traverse undismayed the foggy course of Fulton Ferry, or who pick their pluvious way through City-Hall Park after a storm, may hand down to another and more fortunate age the glowing records of their bazardous exploits. I have endured all that myself, and had supposed that long experience had endowed me with courage to meet such frowns of nature and destiny without a murmur. But this surpassed all foresight. Seven slow hours through sleet and snow and mud and furious wind, without food, had somewhat daunted us, and the sight of this impassable obstacle came near quenching the last vestige of spirit. There were numerous camps around, to which we turned, but with doubtful hearts—for if ever selfishness asserts itself beyond control, it is among those whose generous sympathies have been disciplined away by military rule. Here calm inhospitality beamed on all sides; but, touched by the earnestness of our inquiries, one officer at length proposed to explain to us the means of crossing the stream. Ugly as the prospect was, it seemed the only alternative. To recede was impossible, for the army we were to follow might even then be struggling on ahead, and there was, besides, some hope of comfort for the night if we advanced. There was none if we remained where we were. The few farmhouses scattered around had been occupied by officers—who, so far as we could discern, were all loth to share the merest fraction of their privileges with strangers. Through mire and glutinous clay we plunged and stumbled, and reached at last the bank of the Run. "You must swim your horses part of the way" was the exordium of the explanation. For myself, I can assert that swimming a swollen torrent on horseback had formed no part of my education, and I hesitated, but a few remarks having demonstrated still further the unwillingness to give us shelter, our necessity was evident. And then ensued a scene which I am assured by those who witnessed it surpassed in its diverting qualities the most spirited exhibitions of the arena. "Darest thou now, Cassius," observed my companion, "leap in with me into this angry flood, and swim to yonder point." Upon the word, unaccustomed as I was, I plunged in and bade him follow. So, indeed, he did. The torrent roared, and our steeds did buffet it until, finding their footing precarious, they turned about, regardless of shouts and spurs, and brought their damp and astonished riders to the same shore whence they had started. A second effort in which stout switches acted some part, urged them fairly in, and I found myself for the first time in the precarious and uncongenial occupation of clinging to a swimming quadruped.

I may remark that my observations were curious. It is the custom of that noble animal, the horse, when in the act of navigation, to drop his entire body below the surface of the water, leaving the tip of his nose alone exposed, to advertise his locality. With this peculiarity I was not before acquainted, but there are periods in life when we acquire much knowledge in singularly brief spaces of time. My immediate conviction was that the horse is not an aquatic animal. He reeled and he rolled. As he sank, I deferentially followed him, and as he rolled, I became conscious of the vanity of stirrups. But the tide rose only to my throat, and there were a great many chances of life and the pursuit of happiness, under more favorable conditions. Like Pharoah, we had reckoned without our host, and had trusted too blindly to random assurances selfishly inspired. No horse or man could have crossed Broad Run at that hight. Ours were carried ruthlessly down stream for a number of yards, every one of which appeared a mile, at the most moderate calculation. The first yard was one of violence, for the poor quadruped gave indications of a desire to battle with his destiny, and to rid himself of the load he bore, and which, under the unusual circumstances, occasioned him a natural inconvenience. The second yard was one of doubt, and the third one of resignation. The animal was suddenly patient, from which I judge that his reflections were of a more despairingly tranquil nature than his rider's. I think he contemplated suicide, until an accidental footing, some two fathoms below the surface, stimulated him to a struggle for existence. At that moment an attentive eddy relieved me, by an ingenious twirl, of gloves and pocket handkerchief which I had carried under my arm, and while I watched the heartless celerity with which they seceded, we regained the shore. How it was done I cannot distinctly say, but the credit of the achievement, I believe, was due wholly to the horse. I certainly bore no part in it, and my respect for the animal as one of more than human sagacity swelled at once and enormously. It is needless to say that we did not cross, and it is my firm belief that, when we regained the semi-solid earth, the stream was sensibly diminished, such quantities of water did we two bear away in our respective boots and pockets. Rivulets ran from our hats, fingers, toes, and some of the features of our faces. Our weight was almost doubled by the water which had drenched us. Our personal effects were ruined; and I recall with some pecuniary regret that my boots never stirred from their places until they were cut off some time afterward. Each saddle-bag was a phenomenal aquarium, in which swam brushes, note-books, opera-glasses, and other odd fish. Bank-notes in pocket were pulpy, and my companion might have been sent all over the country by mail without charge, so liberally was he adorned with postage stamps which stuck to various parts of his frame. In an opera house, or at an evening party, our appearance would have produced a sensation involving social distress and the police. And yet—I would not say it in a boastful spirit—we laughed twice.

That army officers who act and live by frigid tactics should be indisposed to suffer intrusion from chance strangers, is probably natural. I should not wish to complain of their reluctance to offer general courtesies. But an unwillingness to yield shelter to two poor devils, situated as we then were, seemed to me little short of barbarity. For a display of ungraciousness, I fix the invitation to enter the only available hut, and approach the only available fire in the neighborhood, as the most eminent in my memory. But it was almost a question of life and death. The consequences of our aquatic enterprise might have been serious had we been deprived of the restorative of heat. So pride had to be set aside for awhile, and, indeed, after being keel-hauled through oceans of insult at Washington, an extra plunge could only call for the exercise of a little more patient endurance. This is the curse of an army correspondent's calling—he must forever be liable to fall into positions of dependence, where money can avail nothing, and where he may be forced to choke down his self-respect and spirit to accommodate the discourtesy of every epaulette he meets. The physical hardships may be passed over with cheerfulness; the moral degradations are intolerable.

A sleepless night by a camp-fire afforded little comfort, though that was unquestionably preferable to reposing in the bed of the stream we had left. The morning, however, was bright, and as the water was reported to have fallen, it was sensible to look upon existence as a burden, sensible of partial mitigation. The prospect of getting away from that place was luxury enough. And yet, before we left it, we found how near we had been to courtesy and comfort without knowing it. An officer whom we casually met, understanding at a glance our mortifying position, strove with such kindness of manner and evident sympathy to alleviate our annoyances, that under his influence I really succeeded in imagining myself a man again, and not a slave. I cannot forbear to mention that Major Adams of the Lincoln Cavalry, a stranger, was the only person in all that camp who stirred a finger to relieve us from absolute humiliation, although we had not only acquaintances, but professed friends, in the very camp.

That day the stream was forded without much difficulty, and thenceforward our discomforts were only physical, and consequently not worthy of consideration. To be sure the drenched garments could not come off for three days, but that was very little, when the personal surroundings were agreeable. Better is a jacket all wet with pervading good nature around, than a new pair of dry pantaloons and hatred outside of them. We came under the protection of a General (and a gentleman) commanding a division, who having, I believe, once been engaged in journalism, knows that one does not cease to be a human being from the moment that he joins a newspaper—a knowledge limited, apparently, to very few. More acknowledgments are due to him, and the officers of his staff, than I know how to give—and perhaps he would be better pleased if I did not publicly give them. Two days with the advance convinced us that the face of the country had been so changed by the recent rains that no very immediate action was likely to be taken. And so, after a blissful week of ethereal experiences, Washington again received us, where your correspondent waits, at your service.

FROM VIRGINIA.

The Deserted Fortifications at Centreville—Their formidable character—Reminiscences of July.

From Our Special Correspondent.

CENTREVILLE, April 6, 1862.

It is possible that the name of Centreville no longer possesses a very vivid interest. At no time has it been considered worthy of particular attention by the Northern people, and now that the scene of probable events is becoming more and more distant, it is likely to pass entirely from the public mind. Its best title to fame has hitherto been that it formed the base of our military operations on the day of our singular defeat last July, and that its abandonment was the signal of the greatest reverse that has befallen the Union cause during the war. Its local reputation has been wholly overshadowed by that of the Manassas Junction, near at hand. Manassas having been the point from which we were menaced before the Bull Run battle, and the center of the Rebel force on the occasion of their first and only victory, we have associated with it an importance which did not subsequently belong to it. It was impossible for two points, so close together, to receive an equal degree of popular respect, and Manassas having been the first to assert itself, it secured the preference for all time, in spite of whatever Centreville may have afterward done for its own distinction.

Visiting this place now for the first time since the unlucky repulse nine months ago, I find so many important changes have come over it, so much has been effected toward rendering it a most imposing obstacle to our advance into Virginia, so great reliance has evidently been set upon it by the Rebel generals recently in power here, that it rises to a dignity we had never vouchsafed it, and that its claim to a place in the history of this campaign in Virginia can hardly be slighted, notwithstanding that it was relinquished without a struggle, and that the unusual preparations made for its defense availed little to the purposes of the Southern generals. That a great test of their power had been anticipated here, I think no person can doubt who contemplates the vastness of the defenses they had established. It is true that these defenses bear no comparison to the more perfect works with which our own engineers have surrounded Washington, but, judged from the Rebel standard of excellence, they are the most elaborate and effective yet produced by them. Every previous fortification reared by the Southern troops had been so weak and worthless that no value could be placed upon them; but these, it seems, are of a character which would render them truly formidable, especially when the natural strength of the position is considered. I do not mean to say that a Rebel stand at Centreville need ever have been considered an effective obstacle to our generals, since ordinary skill would have devised the means of its overthrow by the simplest and the surest strategic demonstration. It could have been assailed in flank with such advantages as to render all the defensive preparations unavailing. But it is nevertheless true that if it had ever been attacked by the course which our army pursued on the previous advance, it is doubtful whether any courage, endurance, or resolution could have wrested the position from those who occupied it.

There are many who remember the appearance of the place when the first Union army advanced upon it last July. From the low valley which lies beneath it a single breastwork, narrow and limited in extent, was discerned stretching across the road which conducted to the hights. The exceeding strength of the situation was all that then caused our leaders to pause. The earthwork was unimportant. Its inadequacy was apparent at the first glance. But the position was formidable beyond any that had been encountered. For nearly a mile the land rose steadily and gradually, almost without a break to the summit of the hill upon which the village stands. There were few of the usual irregularities to furnish shelter to assaulting columns. The fields were open and generally unobstructed. A whole army might have been sacrificed in any attempt to carry that position, provided it had been amply defended. But the meagerness of the fortifications showed that no positive resistance would be offered, and our army pressed forward unopposed. So it was, nine months ago; but now, how different. In place of a single feeble breastwork, whole lines and chains of forts are seen, not only in immediate view at the front, but stretching far away on either side to distances greater than the eye can compass. Bristling forts, with embrasures through which the sunlight streams with a fierce glare that only hints of what might have poured therefrom, had too rash a venture been made against them. Long arrays of rifle pits, made formidable by their unity, and by the unbroken line which they establish between each redoubt. A mighty maze of intrenchments and field-works, but not without a plan.

It was late in the day when I reached Centreville, and the obscurity of the evening hid many of these fortifications as I rode through them to the village. Enough was evident, however, to manifest their abundant strength. I have said that they fail in comparison with the more ingenious works near Washington, but it should be understood that Washington enjoys no such topographical advantages as those which encompass Centreville. In the twilight the magnitude of these defenses seems in some respects augmented. The lines of rifle-pits appear to follow the shadows of the hills into interminable distances, and the scattered forts are multiplied by each mound which rises near them. To me, who have hitherto seen the most trivial expedients on the part of the Rebels, the quality of these works is somewhat surprising. Examined in detail, they are full of technical imperfections. Criticism would crush them at a stroke. The ditches are narrow; the scarps are not abrupt; the parapets are ragged; the imbrasures are irregular. The manner of their construction is truly Southern—that is to say, indolent, ungainly, careless, and awkward. Criticism, I say, could demolish them with a single thrust. Satire would make quick work of them, and against deliberate sarcasm they would not stand a chance in detail. But as a whole, I dread to think of the possibilities of destruction they would have possessed against our best battalions. Lazy as their execution may have been, their conception and their plan were comprehensive and effective. They command the entire approach from the front, and to a certain, though far less perfect degree, they provide against movements from either flank. The hastiest view of them proves their real character. The Rebels certainly trusted much to them; there is no reason why we should despise them.

For these reasons, if not for others also, I attach more importance to this little village than has usually been bestowed upon it. To me it presents peculiar claims, for the recollections of the scenes and events of last July are too painfully fastened in my memory to allow me to re-enter it without strange feeling. It is quieter now than when we first invaded it. Then we flooded it with noisy and jubilant throngs which had no thought but of triumphs already won and glorious victories yet to be as easily achieved. No Northern man could enter it with the same spirit now. The reverse which then destroyed our hope still holds its spell, although the days of our disaster are past. And, moreover, there is something infinitely sadder in the aspect of the place. It is a deserted village, though by no means "the loveliest of the plain." It is crowded with desolation. The tokens of departed multitudes are everywhere around. Here are the vacant dwelling-places of thousands and thousands of men. Suddenly and panic-stricken they have sped away, proving their weakness, but leaving the evidences of their numbers and their strength behind them. There are whole cities of huts and cots planted all about. The moonlight illuminates broad avenues and numberless little passes from ward to ward. Vast fields, lately populous, now lie barren and abandoned. There is no attempt to ward off the dreary effects of the desertion. Carcases of beasts strew the plain, and ugly birds prey upon them. Dogs run through the vacant hovels, and howl mournfully among the fresh grave-yards, as if seeking lost masters. It is melancholy enough wherever we turn, and the lights of the village are too weak and too few to dissipate the gloom.

But the village itself revives reminiscences enough to occupy one's thoughts. Here, on one side is the stone Church where a hundred of our brave fellows wounded in the first day's fight, lay and suffered uncomplainingly, until we were forced to leave them. Here, on the other, is the little shanty whence the dwarfish Israelite dispensed ink that would not flow, pens without point, and wafers without a stick to recommend them. Here is a piazza, carefully constructed of the hardest wood Virginia grows, upon which I slept, with Brady and Wood, and other amateur warriors, the night before the battle, and was enabled, by virtue of fatigue, to dream of sweetest peace, in spite of want of ligneous sympathy. Here is the dwelling of Aunt Polly, formerly famous for her durability of Union sentiment, the tawny bloom of her complexion, and the luxuriant fragrance of her hoe cake—and here is the mansion of her former master (she now repudiates the chattel tie), Mr. Grigsby, who having once vaunted the splendors of Secession now enjoys the opportunity of fully realizing them. He owned large estates in this and adjoining counties, which are rendered worthless by the trespasses of unruly armies. He owned negroes, who shook off their allegiance long ago, and yet remain about him to boast their independence. He owned edifices in Alexandria, among them the famous "Marshall House," which now lie almost in ruins, and useless to his purposes hereafter.

The few remaining residents of the village preserve their old fierce feeling, and they are almost the only vestiges which retain the semblance of their former selves. The blacks are all as vociferous in Union demonstration as ever; the whites (those who happen to linger) are as vehement in Southern display. These latter are inflamed even beyond precedent by the delinquencies of their late slaves, who have quietly shaken off allegiance, and decline service of any sort except on adequate compensation. This uprooting of Virginia prejudices occasions much indignant discussion. "They say they are free now," says young Mr. Grigsby, "and I suppose they are until the war's over; but if I come across any of them afterward, it won't be good for them. I'll teach them!"

Centreville stands isolated now from the course of public travel. The tide of curiosity turns toward Manassas—that of warfare to distances far beyond. But those who pause here find their interest acutely stimulated. It is a dreary enough village, to be sure, but it is something to see the monument of Johnston's and Stuart's and Smith's best skill. It will be long before the Centreville fortification cease to attract attention. They point a moral, too—that in this, as in other memorable cases, the Rebel leaders "have undertaken more than they could accomplish."

REMARKABLE MEDICAL CASE.—About two weeks ago we noticed an accident to a young lady, on the New-Haven Railroad, who was walking upon the track near Mount Vernon, Westchester County. Her attention was drawn to a train passing on the Harlem Road near her, and, not observing the one approaching, she was struck by the cow-catcher and thrown into the air, and fortunately off the track. She was picked up and carried to the village quite insensible, and apparently in a dying state. It was soon reported that she was dead; but, strange to say, she was the last person to be convinced to the contrary. From Dr. Edward Seguin, a French physician, of extensive practice both in France and this country who resides at Mount Vernon, we learn that he found Miss M—— C——, who met with this accident apparently not very seriously injured. But she was in a comatose condition, from which she never would have aroused without strong measures, which, as this case shows, should never be neglected. For several days all efforts to arouse her were unavailing; and, after she was able to take food and talk, it was at first impossible to persuade her that she was alive. She seemed to be impressed with the single idea possessing her mind at the moment the locomotive was approaching her—that is, that she should be killed. When aroused sufficiently to answer questions, her replies all indicated that she believed herself to have left the world; and when food or drink were given her, after taking them she immediately sank again into the comatose condition. By the most energetic treatment she was aroused sufficiently to make her feel that she was alive, and then she thought, if not dead, she certainly was in a dying state. In this condition she has continued until quite recently. She is now, however, apparently growing stronger in body and mind—so that the prospect of complete recovery is favorable. Medical men may recognize in the name of the physician in charge of this case the author of a work upon the treatment of idiocy. We understand that his treatment of the case has been in accordance with the principles adopted with persons whose minds are naturally weak.